SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
12¢
CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
JAN.
NO. 59
THERE NEVER WAS AN EVIL LIKE...
"The PETRIFIED GIANT!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FEAR-FIGHTERS!

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN

1 A PRIMITIVE LEGEND HAS COME TO LIFE IN THE 20TH CENTURY! IN A TINY CORNER OF THE WORLD, HE RULES WITH A HEART AS HARD AS HIS *STONE BODY!* AND WITH EACH DAY HIS POWER GROWS UNTIL, IF NO ONE STOPS HIM, THE WORLD ITSELF WILL FALL BENEATH...

"SEEKEENAKEE--THE PETRIFIED GIANT!"

THERE THEY ARE, CHUMS--THE STONE FACES OF *VANIKI ISLAND!* THE ANCIENT LEGEND SAYS THAT ANGRY GODS LIKE THAT ROAMED THIS AREA LONG AGO!

GOOD THING IT WAS BEFORE OUR TIME--I WOULDN'T WANT TO RUN INTO ONE OF THESE BABIES--*ALIVE!*

CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN, No. 59, Dec.-Jan., 1967. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd & Dickey Sts., SPARTA, ILL. 62286. Editorial, Executive offices and subscriptions, 575 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Murray Boltinoff, Editor. 2nd CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, ILL. under the act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription in the U.S. for 12 issues, $1.75 including postage. Foreign, $3.50 in American funds. Canada, $2.00 in American funds; check or money order only. No subscriptions accepted without Zip Code. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Copyright © National Periodical Publications, Inc., 1967. All rights reserved under International & Pan-American Copyright Conventions. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred.

"This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever." Printed in U.S.A.

IN THE RADIO ROOM OF THE CHALLENGERS' HEADQUARTERS, AT THE LOWEST POINT OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN...
DAH-DIDIT DIT DIH-DAH-DAH DAH-DIDDLE DIDIT
WHAT'S WITH YOU, PROF? YOU HAVEN'T MOVED FROM THAT SET FOR HOURS!
I'M WORRIED, ACE! REMEMBER KING TULAGA?
THAT ISLAND RULER YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING CHESS WITH BY RADIO FOR YEARS? WHAT ABOUT HIM?
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT HIM FOR SIX WEEKS! AND HE'S NEVER MISSED A WEEKLY SESSION BEFORE!
SO LET'S GO SEE WHAT'S CHECKMATIN' YOUR CHESS BUDDY!
MAN, EVERY TIME WE GO LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, I MISS OUR OL' PAL, RED!
WE ALL DO, ROCKY! BUT DEATH IS THE ONE JUDGE THAT NOBODY CAN OVERRULE!
VROOOSH
TULAGA IS ONE OF THE LAST REMAINING POLYNESIAN KINGS! HE'S WORKED HARD, BRINGING MODERN CIVILIZATION TO HIS PEOPLE! I SURE HOPE HE'S OKAY!
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH! THERE'S VANIKI ISLAND!
SPLASHHH
DIG THIS CRAZY CANOE COMMITTEE! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT LOTS OF FRIENDS HERE!
THEY'RE CALLED WAR CANOES--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING! TULAGA'S PEOPLE HAVE LIVED AT PEACE FOR YEARS!
2

SUDDENLY AS CANVAS COVERS ARE TORN FROM PLACE...
OH-OH! SOMEBODY JUST BROKE THE PEACE TREATY! AND NOW THEY'RE TRYIN' TO BREAK OUR HEADS!
IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, ROCKY, A WISE MAN SURRENDERS!
TOO BAD WE'RE STUPID!
RATATATA
BAM
THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING! GETTING READY TO BOARD US!
NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO FORM A RECEPTION COMMITTEE! READY WITH OPERATION SPLIT LIP!
HEY, DIG THIS SWITCH! THEY'RE TOSSIN' FLOWERS AT US!
I DON'T GET IT! FIRST BULLETS--NOW BLOSSOMS!
(SNIFF!) STRANGE SMELL--LIKE-- (COUGH!) LIKE-- LIKE...
ARRRRGH!
SPLASH

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

KASPLASH
OOOF! MAN, WE'RE IN LUCK-- THIS THING'S FULL OF WATER!
WHAT'S SO LUCKY ABOUT IT? SURE, WE'RE ALIVE-- BUT WE'LL NEVER CLIMB THESE SHEER, SLIPPERY WALLS! WE'RE FINISHED!
HMM! I WONDER! YOU GUYS WAIT RIGHT HERE!
THAT'S WHAT I WAS HOPING-- WATER FEEDING IN AND OUT-- IT'S A BRANCH OF AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!
FWOOSH
SLURRPP
OKAY, IF YOU INSIST! BUT I WAS ACTUALLY THINKIN' OF RUNNIN' OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOMETHIN'!
HAR-DE-HAR-HAR!
SPLASH
YAHOOOO! I JUST FOUND THE COMBINATION TO THIS LOCK! FOLLOW PAPA-- AND DO JUST LIKE I DO!
LIKE I DO? MAN, YOU MUST BE EXCITED--YOU'RE TALKIN' AS BAD AS ME!
HOLY COW--HE'S FILLIN' UP THAT HOLE WITH ROCKS! WHAT A TIME FOR KID GAMES! WELL--MIGHT AS WELL FOLLOW THE NUT!

THAT SHOULD DO IT-- THE EXHAUST HOLE IS BLOCKED! NOW WE'LL SURFACE AND SEE IF THIS GIMMICK WORKS!
HEY-- THE WATER'S RISIN'! YEAH--YEAH-- I GET IT NOW!
WE FILLED UP THE DRAINAGE HOLE, BUT THE INTAKE IS STILL OPERATING! SO WEIRE RISIN' ON A WATER ELEVATOR!
YAHOOO!
EIGHTH FLOOR-- FEATURING FRESH AIR, SPARKLING SUNLIGHT, AND LOVABLE FREEDOM! EVERYBODY OFF!
ROGER! BUT NOW WE'VE GOTTA TURN THE FAUCET OFF BEFORE THE SINK RUNS OVER AND DROWNS THE WHOLE ISLAND!
ONE OF MY MINI-BOMBS, WITH A PRESSURE DETONATOR SET TO EXPLODE JUST BEFORE IT HITS BOTTOM!
PLOP
KAWHOOOM
THERE SHE BLOWS!
NOW LET'S PAY THAT CREEP VENUKA A VISIT AND SEE WHAT HE DID TO THE KING!
YOU KNOW, I GOT A HUNCH IT WAS MORE THAN JUST DROPPIN' HIM IN A WATER HOLE!

NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS JAZZ ABOUT SEEKEENAKEE?
A LEGEND, ROCKY--A STONE GOD WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO RUN THE SHOW AROUND HERE MAYBE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO! THEN THAT WISE GUY, VENUKA, DECIDED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!
HE PROBABLY TOLD THE PEOPLE THAT SEEKEENAKE HAD RETURNED-- THAT HE, VENUKA, HAD SPOKEN TO HIM AND WAS NOW GIVING ORDERS IN HIS NAME!
AND THE PEOPLE BELIEVED THAT STONE GIANT BALONEY? HA!
HOLD, INTRUDERS! DO NOT MOVE YET ANOTHER STEP! YOU STAND BEFORE--SEEKEENAKEE! HE AT WHOM YOU LAUGHED ONE MOMENT AGO! NOW, WHAT SAY YOU, FOOLS?
HUHH-- WELL-- NOTHIN' MUCH-- EXCEPT, MAYBE-- COULD I TAKE BACK THAT LAUGH?
7

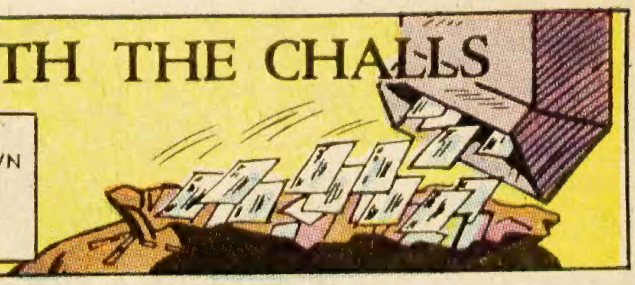
8

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

For BELLY LAFFS or BLAZING ACTION...

SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS

LET'S CHAT WITH THE CHALLS



Address all mail to:
CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
National Periodicals
575 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Editor:

The CHALLS is my favorite magazine, but aside from the strong stories and dynamically dramatic art, there's another reason for my choice. That is their deliberate avoidance of the use of super-weapons other than Prof's miniature lab, concealed in his cigarette case, and the occasional use of their mini-bombs. I believe equipping them with any sort of super-weapon would rob them of the reality that's made them so unique in the current crop of magazines.

Brian Smith, Garden City, N.Y.

We've had many missives, pro and con, about their lack of weapons. We have no intention of equipping them, but we can't tell what might happen in the foreseeable future. But if they do delve into the arsenal they inherited from Scientist X, you can be sure it would only be temporarily. Not too long ago, our champ CHALLS used to carry .45's, but they found out that fast footwork and trigger-quick thinking was superior to a swift trigger-finger.—Ed.

• • •

Dear Editor:

As one of your newly acquired fans, I'm very eager to obtain past issues of the CHALLS. Would I be out of order to specify the issues and send you the money?

Theodore Mirksy, Monroe, N.Y.

Yes, very much so, we're sorry to say! Some of our frantic fans carelessly overlooked these cherished comments the last time around, so we have to clue them and you in on the regrettable fact that back numbers of the CHALLS are no longer available. Demands to buy them were so overwhelming, we ran out of copies on hand. But like we reported, if you're gonna blow a fuse because you've just gotta have certain past copies of our classic comic, write us and we'll strain ourselves to relay it to a source that may be helpful.—Ed.

• • •

CHALLS' CHIT-CHAT: "Here's an idea for a new CHALL," offers Judi Goldberg of Bethesda, Md. "He's Ian Walter-Matthews, with a mind like a calculating machine, an Englishman, 6 feet, 2 inches, with black hair and blue eyes. He wears mod clothes, but in your heart you know he's right. He's rather thin with long, lean muscles." *(Sorry we can't include your dreamboat in our cast, Judi. One home-grown Tino, slightly smaller, is enough!—Ed.)* . . . And Ronald Frazier of Philadelphia, Pa. urges us not to appoint Tino a CHALL because his busy brain competes with Prof's. As if we gave it a second thought!—Ed. . . . Harvey Sobel of Commack, N.Y. is looking forward to a return appearance of Multi-Man. All we can do is hint to Harv and the multitude of Multi-Man minions to go no further than the next issue!—Ed.

• • •

"Hey, how come some of the energy lines were omitted in the depiction of Power Man in No. 57's "Kook and the Kilowatt Killer"? asks Bonnie Ziff of Los Angeles. *(Better look again, Bonnie, and you'll see that they're shown only after he rejuvenates himself with a blast of electrical energy.—Ed.)* . . . "The nerve of you guys! Claiming to score a first by killing off a hero in No. 57," snaps Chris Hansen of Washington, Ill. "For your information, Ferro-Lad of the Legion of Super-Heroes sacrificed himself in 'Adventure Comics' No. 353." . . . "Yeah, why should 'a world that will little care or remember Red,' as you put it, remember him if you don't remember Ferro-Lad?" echoes Joe Mantano of Albuquerque, N.M. *(Okay, all you ravin' aroused readers, we humbly stand corrected.—Ed.)*

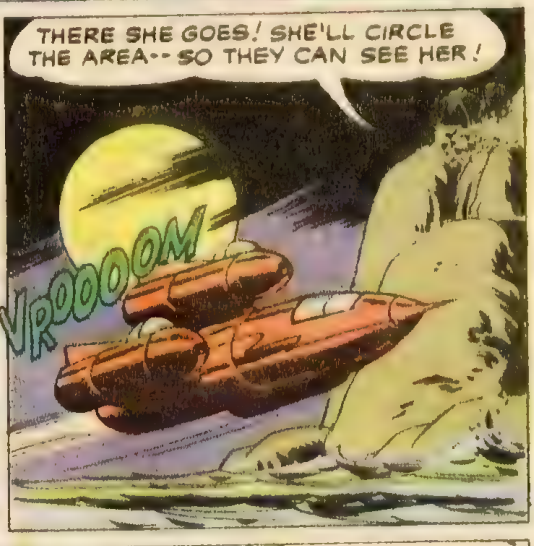
• • •

"I have to tell you the first time I bought the CHALLS," reports Irving Parchman of Los Angeles, "I was rockin' with excitement!" *(And rollin' too?—Ed.)* . . . "Any chance of getting the Iron Dictator and Dimension Man back into swingin' action?" asks Tony Isabella of Cleveland. *(Sure 'nough, but give us time.—Ed.)* . . . "Your yarns are so great and suspenseful," cheers Leslie Lees from Kearny, N.J., "they set me on pins and needles." *(Thanks, Les, but you'd better keep reading 'em standing up!—Ed.)* . . . To James McGee of Hurst, Texas; Kent Cochran, Gary, Ind.; James Brandon, Rector, Ark.; David Lewin, Lomita, Calif., and a whole crew of critics who point out that some time ago we showed Red's kid, so how come we could kill him off, we must point out that that was strictly a fantasy that moved the CHALLS' collective minds into the future.—Ed.

COME ON, CHUMS--GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS TREE! WE'LL CUT THAT STONE NIGHTMARE DOWN TO SIZE WITH HIS OWN WEAPON!
AROOOOF!
DID HE SAY, OOF?
NO--I BELIEVE HE SAID, "AROOOOF" WHICH IS THE EARLY ENGLISH OR MIDDLE GERMAN FORM! DR. KOPFSHRINKER WROTE AN INTERESTING PAPER ON IT RECENTLY!
WHUMP
WHOOSH
SO ASK THE DOC WHAT TO DO ABOUT THIS KIND OF SITUATION!
OHHH, HE HANDLED THAT YEARS AGO! HIS PRECISE ADVICE WAS, I BELIEVE--DUUUUUUCK!
IN A SEQUEL TO THAT SAME PAPER, HE ADDRESSED HIMSELF TO THE NEXT PROBLEM!
YES...WHEREIN THAT ERUDITE GENTLEMAN SUGGESTED ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION--
SHUT UP AND RUUUUN!
THE GOOD DOCTOR'S WORDS PRECISELY!
SHORTLY...
THOSE WHO COME HERE IN THE GIANT BIRD--THEY SEEK TO DESTROY ME, YOUR GOD! KILL THEM!
K-I-I-L-L!
9

THEY'RE GONNA SEARCH THE WHOLE ISLAND!
RIGHT! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY FIND US! LOOK-- SOME ARE HEADED FOR US RIGHT NOW!
THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD STOP THEM IS IF WE TOOK OFF IN OUR PLANE!
NO CAN DO-- EVEN ONE OF US COULDN'T REACH THE SHIP WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!

WHO SAYS WE HAVE TO BE IN THE PLANE? FELLERS... MEET THE WORLD'S SMALLEST REMOTE CONTROL UNIT! THIS'LL FLY THE PLANE OUT!
PROF--YOU ARE PART GENIUS-- AND THAT'S THE PART I LOVE!


THERE SHE GOES! SHE'LL CIRCLE THE AREA-- SO THEY CAN SEE HER!
VROOOOM

LOOK! THE GIANT BIRD LEAVES! THE EVIL THREE ARE GONE FROM US!
THE POWER OF SEEKEENAKEE HAS DRIVEN THEM OFF! GOOD--FOR IT IS TIME FOR THE RITUAL!

WHAT RITUAL?
I DON'T KNOW-- IT'S NOT MY CHURCH!
LET'S GO FIND OUT! WAIT TILL THE LAST THREE GUYS DROP BACK A LITTLE FROM THE REST! THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

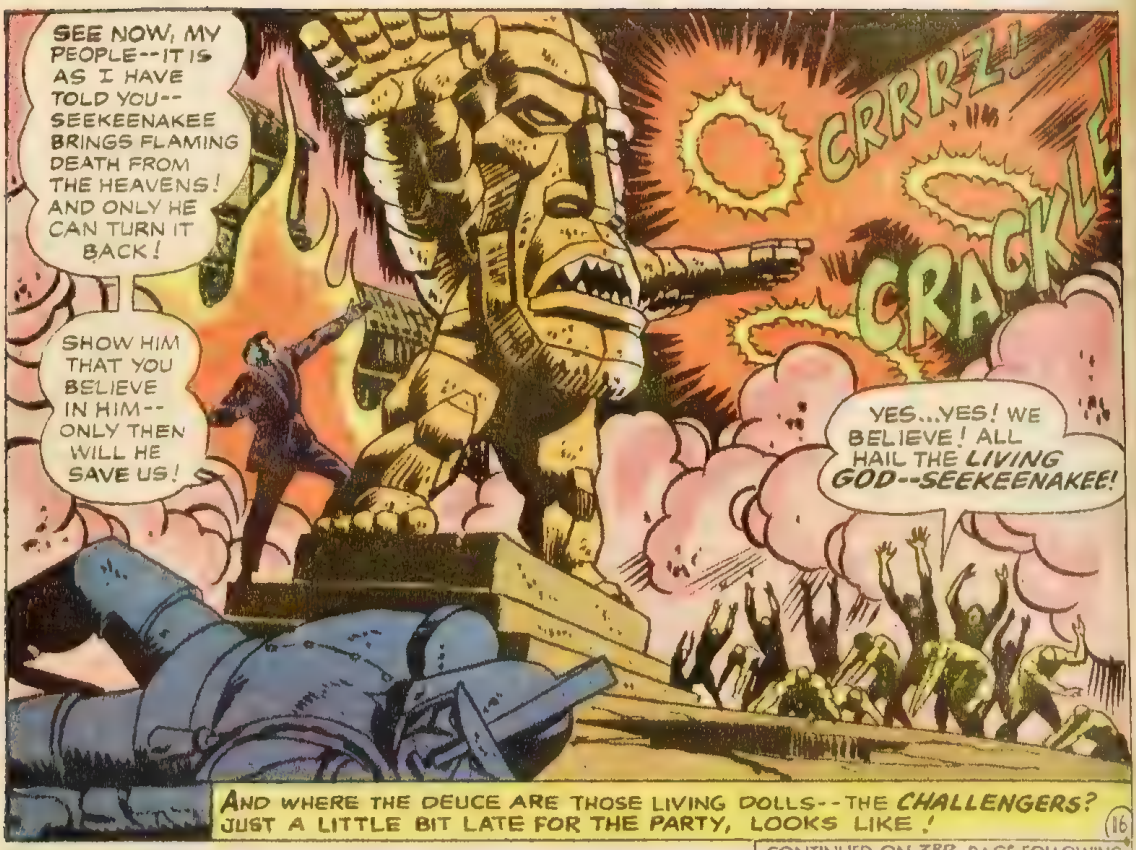
A MOMENT LATER, AS THREE SILENT FIGURES ARC THROUGH THE AIR...
AIII-- MMMPH!
SHHHH! YOU'LL WAKE THE BABY!
THEN, AFTER THREE POLYNESIANS ARE ROCKED TO SLEEP...
HOW'S THIS, BUDDY? DO I CUT A DANDY FIGURE?
THEY'LL CUT YOUR DANDY FIGURE TO PIECES IF YOU DON'T HIDE THAT BABY-PINK SKIN! RUB SOME EARTH ON YOURSELF!
BOOM-BADA-BOOM-BOOM
YOU HEAR THAT?
DRUMS! YOU THINK IT'S RINGO STARR?
NO, I THINK IT'S A LOCAL EDITION OF THE ROLLING STONES-- THE SHRINKING HEADS!
HEY-- IT LOOKS LIKE A PEP RALLY THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIG GAME!
WHO'S THE FOUR BASHFUL CATS UP THERE WITH OL' STONE FACE?
I DON'T KNOW-- BUT THEY USE THE SAME TAILOR AS THE KU KLUX KLAN!
SILENCE! PREPARE TO WORSHIP THE LIVING GOD-- SEEKEE-NAKEE!

FELLOW CHALLS, THAT'S A WILD WAY TO WORSHIP!
BAM!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
POW!
WELL, MAN, IT BEATS GOIN' DOWN ON YOUR KNEES ON HARD GROUND!
THAT RAISES A QUESTION THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME SINCE WE LANDED! THESE ARE A PEACEFUL, PRIMITIVE PEOPLE, SO--
--WHERE'D THEY GET THE RIFLES FROM? ANSWER'S SIMPLE-- "SEEKEENAKEE AND YE SHALL FIND!"
I GOT AN EVEN BETTER QUESTION FOR YOU CATS!
HOW COME ONE OF THEM "ASSISTANT GODS" IS WEARIN' HIGH HEELS?
WELL DONE, MY PEOPLE! THE INVADERS ARE DRIVEN OFF AND SOON WE SHALL SHOW THAT SAME POWER TO EVERY ISLAND IN THE SEA!
NOW BE GONE-- SEEKEENAKEE MUST TALK WITH--THE HOLY FOUR!
OKAY, LET'S GO-- BUT NOT TOO FAR!
RIGHT! WE WANNA SLIP BACK AND SEE HOW COME ONE OF THE HOLY FOUR BUYS HER SHOES IN PARIS!
ALL RIGHT, MOST LOYAL AND WISEST OF ALL MY FOLLOWERS-- YOU MAY REMOVE YOUR HOODS!
CHIHUAHUA! DO YOU SEE WHO I SEE?

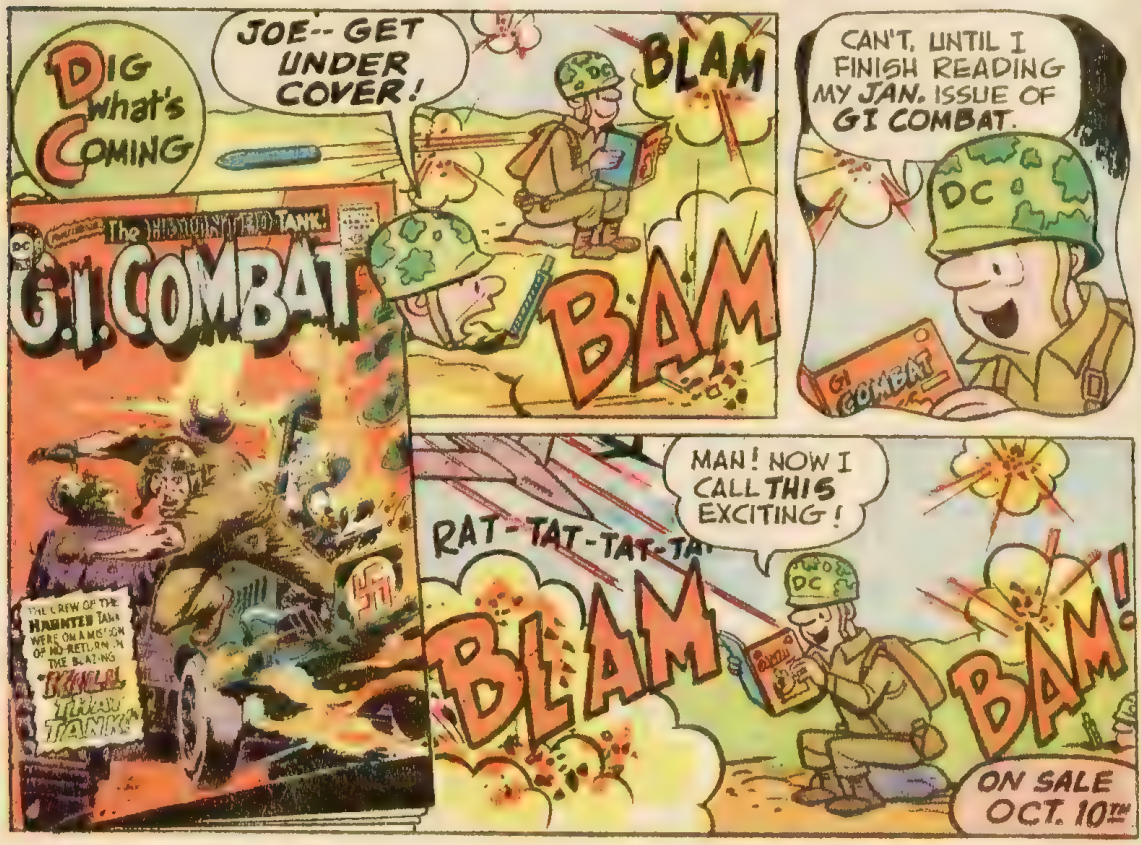
HOLY COW! THAT'S PROF. CARTER DANTON, THE NOBEL PHYSICIST!
HEINRICH VANDERGILD, THE INTERNATIONAL BANKER--
--ALICIA MEDINA, THE MOVIE STAR--
--BUT WHO'S THAT UGLY CHARACTER?
HAIL SEEKEENAKEE!
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU-- THAT'S HARRY NOONE-- PROFESSIONAL KILLER AND--
ROCKY! BEHIND YOU-- LOOK OUT!
LOOKS LIKE WE JUST RAN INTO THE CHIEF HEAD-MASHER AROUND HERE! ONLY NOW HE GETS MASHED!
THUD!
SO LONG, YOU DEAR LITTLE-- HEY! IT--IT'S TINO MANARRY! THE SINGING FINK!*
LEMME GO! HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW IT WAS YOU CATS? YOU FORGET YOU'RE DRESSED FOR A HAWAIIAN MASQUERADE!
*RED'S KID BROTHER.
I STASHED A TINY RADIO TRANSMITTER ON YOUR PLANE WEEKS AGO! SO ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FOLLOW ITS SIGNAL TO FIND YOU!
HOW ABOUT THAT! WE'VE BEEN HAD BY ONE OF OUR OWN GAMBITS! OKAY-- WELCOME TO THE BEACH PARTY!

WE ARE READY NOW, MY LOYAL BAND! READY TO STRIKE AT OANA! ONCE WE HAVE TAKEN THAT ISLAND, WE WILL SPREAD ACROSS THE SOUTH PACIFIC! GO NOW-- EXECUTE PLAN-D!
OANA? THAT'S TEN TIMES BIGGER THAN THIS ISLAND-- AND IT HAS A SMALL ARMY! HOW ARE THEY GONNA--?
STOP WITH THE QUESTIONS--LET'S GO GET SOME ANSWERS! MY PLANE'S ANCHORED AT THE SOUTH END OF THE ISLAND! HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!
BUT THE MOMENT THEY HIT THE OPEN BEACH...
RAT-TAT-TAT RAT-TAT-TAT
THEY SPOTTED US! ARRRRGH!
TINO'S BEEN HIT!
THANKS, ROCK-HEAD-- I COULDN'T'A MADE IT ON MY OWN!
ME LET THEM CREEPS KILL YOU? I'M SAVIN' THAT PLEASURE FOR MYSELF, YOU LITTLE CRUMB!
SPUTTER-PUTT-FRRT-SPUT
IT'S JUST A SHOULDER WOUND... WHAT PLAYS? THE ENGINE WON'T START! MUST HAVE TAKEN A COUPLE OF SLUGS!
WELL, HURRY UP AND OPERATE, DOCTOR, BEFORE THEY WIPE OANA OFF THE MAP!
LATER, IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE AT OANA...
--YES, IT IS TRUE, MISS MEDINA, I HAVE SEEN ALL OF YOUR CHARMING FILMS! I WAS EDUCATED IN BOSTON, YOU KNOW!
IMAGINE THAT, MR. PRESIDENT-- AN ISLANDER WITH A HARVARD ACCENT!

YOU'RE THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS, DARLING-- LOTS OF NATIVE SUNBURN AND MUSCLES, PLUS A COOL, CIVILIZED HEAD! KISS ME, MY SWEET!
LATER, AT THE OANA ARMS HOTEL...
--SO THE PRESIDENT IS IN MY POCKET, BROTHERS! BUT HE SAYS THE LOCAL SOLDIER BOY, A COLONEL BRACKSHAW, WILL FIGHT SEEKEENAKEE!
LEAVE THE COLONEL TO ME, SISTER MEDINA!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS THE LOCAL "ARMY" PARADES...
HUP-TWOP-THREEP--FOURP! LIFT THEM HIGH, LADDIES! HUP-- TWOP--
JUST TWO MORE STEPS, COLONEL!
SIGNED, "WITH LOVE-- FROM THE ALL-POWERFUL, SEEKEENAKEE!
CRACK!
ARRRGH!
AT THAT SAME MOMENT, NEARBY...
MR. PRESIDENT, I BEG YOU NOT TO FORCE THIS UNCIVILIZED IDOL WORSHIP UPON YOUR PEOPLE!
YOU MISUNDERSTAND, DR. NEWBERRY-- SEEKEENAKEE IS A LIVING GOD! EVEN YOU WILL SEE THAT IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES!
AND JUST OFF THE SHORES OF OANA...
I AM READY! AND THE ULTRA-ENERGIZER WILL NOT FAIL!
NOW, PROF. DANTON! NOW!
CRACKLE!
15



CONTINUED ON 3RD. PAGE FOLLOWING.

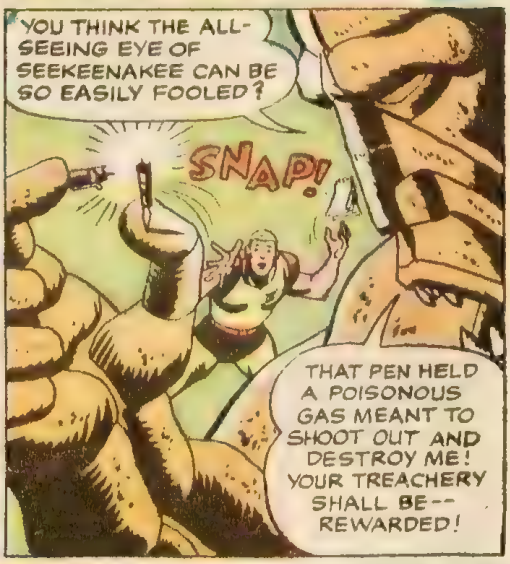


AND HERE COME THE TEN-O'CLOCK SCHOLARS...
WHAT I DON'T DIG, ACE, IS HOW COME A MOVIE STAR, A TOP EGGHEAD, A PROFESSIONAL KILLER AND A BIG-LEAGUE BANKER GOT TIED INTO THIS GIG?
POWER, ROCKY! LOTS OF FOLKS ARE POWER-HUNGRY--NOT JUST POLITICIANS AND KINGS!
CORRECTO! AND WHAT A FORMULA THEY'VE GOT--BIG MONEY SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW, FEMININE APPEAL AND SUPERSTITION!
OKAY! BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PHONY HURRICANE WARNING YOU RADIOED VANIKI AFTER WE TOOK OFF?
A LITTLE TRUMP CARD--THAT I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO PLAY!
THERE'S THE LANDING STRIP ON OANA! EVERYTHING LOOKS OKAY!
ATTENTION, APPROACHING AIRCRAFT! THE LANDING FIELD IS CLEAR! PLEASE TAXI DIRECTLY INTO HANGAR AFTER LANDING!
OKAY, LET'S HANG UP THE SHIP AND GET MOVING! SEEKEE-NAKEE'S GANG HAS A GOOD LEAD ON US!
VROOOM!
HEY! THE DOOR'S CLOSING!
KALANNG!
ATTENTION, CHALLENGERS! YOU ARE NOW PRISONERS OF THE ALL POWERFUL--SEEKEENAKEE!
I GET THE IMPRESSION THAT WE'VE BEEN HAD!
ACE, PAL--DO ME A FAVOR! KICK ME!

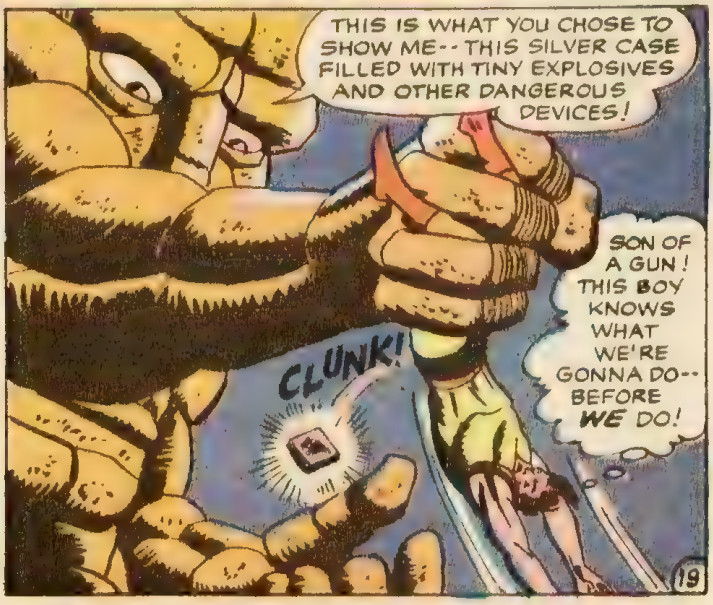
SUDDENLY...
HOLY GUITAR! GET A LOAD OF THAT--LIKE A TV IMAGE IN THE AIR!
YES--AND GENTLEMEN, THAT IS BUT ONE OF THE SCIENTIFIC WONDERS NOW POSSESSED BY US! I HAVE BEEN SENT AS AN EMISSARY TO SPEAK WITH YOU!
YOU'RE MY KIND OF EMISSARY, SWEETIE! NOW WHAT'S ON YOUR BRAIN?
WE WILL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO DECIDE IF YOU SHALL JOIN US OR NOT!
HMMM! AND WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? PUT IN WITH THESE KILLERS?
SIMMER DOWN, HOT STUFF! LET'S HEAR ALL SIDES OF THE QUESTION! WE MAY BE TURNING DOWN A GOOD THING!
THE SMALLER ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC WILL ALL BE OURS WITHIN THE WEEK! IN A MONTH, WE WILL BE ON THE MAINLAND OF SOUTHEAST ASIA! WE HAVE LIMITLESS FUNDS--WHICH MEANS PLENTY OF ARMS!
THOSE WHO DO NOT BOW TO THE GREAT SPIRIT OF SEEKEENAKEE, WILL FALL TO HIS GUNS! AND THAT INCLUDES CUTE LITTLE BOYS LIKE YOU!
LADY, I THINK YOU JUST MADE YOURSELF A DEAL!
Y--YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING ALONG WITH THIS, TOO, PROF?
ACE IS JUST BEING PRACTICAL, BUDDY!
YEAH--A PRACTICAL TRAITOR!

YOU HAVE MADE A WISE CHOICE! FOR EVEN HERE, IN THE GREAT OCEAN OF THE GODS, SEEKEENAKEE HAS HEARD OF THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN!
WE'VE GOT A GOOD PRESS AGENT! NOW LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A LITTLE PLAN OF MINE! IT SHOULD MAKE YOUR WHOLE JOB EASIER!

IT'S A BRIGHT PIECE OF MILITARY PLANNING, IF I DO SAY SO! HERE, I'LL DRAW YOU A DIAGRAM!
AHHH! THAT PEN! NOW I GET IT!


YOU THINK THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF SEEKEENAKEE CAN BE SO EASILY FOOLED?
SNAP!
THAT PEN HELD A POISONOUS GAS MEANT TO SHOOT OUT AND DESTROY ME! YOUR TREACHERY SHALL BE-- REWARDED!

WAIT! HE WAS FOOLISH! BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! WE'RE WITH YOU, BIG FELLOW! BELIEVE ME! LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!


THIS IS WHAT YOU CHOSE TO SHOW ME-- THIS SILVER CASE FILLED WITH TINY EXPLOSIVES AND OTHER DANGEROUS DEVICES!
CLUNK!
SON OF A GUN! THIS BOY KNOWS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO-- BEFORE WE DO!

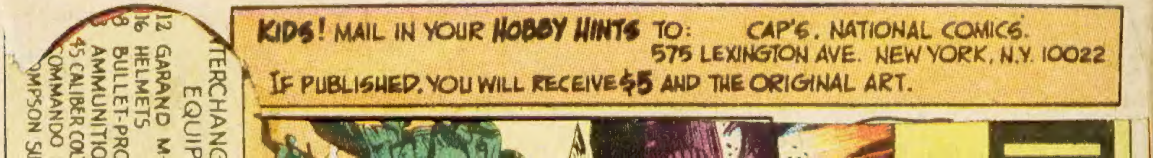
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH CUTE STUFF! THIS GUY DOESN'T DIG ANYTHING BUT MUSCLES!
I'VE DOUBLED UP BETTER GUYS THAN YOU WITH THIS PUNCH! NOT BIGGER-- BUT BETTER! (UNNHHH!)
SPLATT!
OWEEE! THIS CAT IS MADE OF STONE! MAN, THAT SMARTS!
NOW, UNBELIEVER-- IT IS MY TURN!
STAND STILL, COWARD! YELLOW, CHICKEN-LIVERED ONE!
WHOOOSH!
FINKS OF STONE MAY BREAK MY BONES-- BUT WORDS WILL NEVER HURT ME!
PARDON, KIND SIR, MAY I BORROW YOUR RIFLE? I SEEM TO HAVE LEFT MINE ON THE DRESSER WITH MY WALLET!
OOOF!
FOOL! WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU COULD DO WITH THAT?
T-T-TO TELL THE TRUTH, IT'S CLEAN SLIPPED MY MIND NOW!
CRACK
20

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

BUT IT IS MY DUTY AS AN AMERICAN, A FORMER BOY SCOUT, AND A 33 RD DEGREE MASON, TO WARN YOU THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED FROM BEHIND!
DID YOU THINK I WOULD BE FOOLED BY THAT ?
FRANKLY, NO, SIR! I DID NOT THINK YOU WOULD BE FOOL ENOUGH TO TURN AROUND--
URRGH!
WHOMP!
IF YOU HAD BEEN, THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE WORKED!
POW
KWOMP
SPLAT
OWWW
ARRGH
OOF
AND FOR OUR FINAL PERFORMANCE-- WE WILL KNOCK OUT FOUR WITH ONE BLOW!
--WHILE SINGING THE "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC--"
--AND NEVER SNUFFING OUT THE CANDLE BALANCED UPON OUR HEADS!
December
wsstands on Oct.
GREEN

LATER, AT THE UNDERWATER HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHALLS...
NEAT WORK, MEN! THE HOLY FOUR BEHIND BARS AND STONE-FACE DEAD!
I'M NOT SORRY TO GET THAT PETRIFIED KILLER OFF OUR BACKS! IT WAS WEIRD THE WAY HE ANTICIPATED OUR EVERY MOVE!

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU-- THE ISLANDERS DUG UP THE BOMB RUBBLE JUST NOW AND-- SEEKEENAKEE WAS GONE!
H-H-HOLY COW! YOU SUPPOSE HE REALLY WAS IMMORTAL?
NO-- JUST HARD-HEADED!
WHO IS OLD STONE-FACE? HOW DOES HE KNOW MORE ABOUT THE CHALLENGERS THAN EVEN THEY DO? IF YOU MISS THE NEXT ISH, YOU'RE MISSING THE HOTTEST THING THAT EVER POPPED FROM THE DC OVEN!
23
The End


KIDS! MAIL IN YOUR HOBBY HINTS TO: CAP'S, NATIONAL COMICS, 575 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
IF PUBLISHED, YOU WILL RECEIVE $5 AND THE ORIGINAL ART.
TERCHANG
EQUIP
12 GARAND M-
16 HELMETS
8 BULLET-PRO
AMMUNITIO
45 CALIBER CO
COMMANDO
OMPSON SU